

MARVEL

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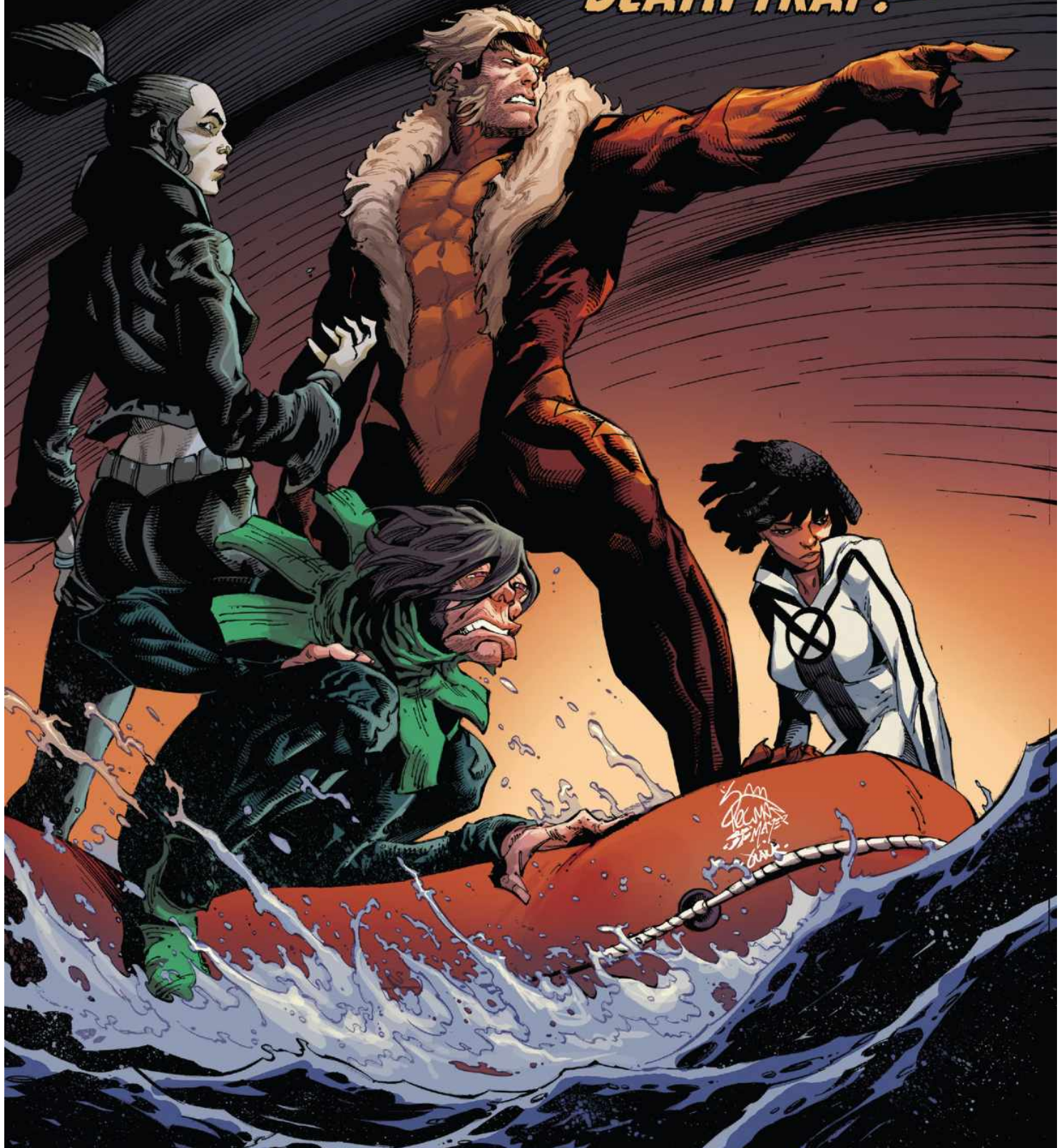


002

LAVALLE
KIRK
BEREDO

SABRIETOOH & THE EXILES

**NEXT STOP:
-ORCHIS'
-DEATH TRAP!**



100 YEARS AND STILL INSPIRING US ALL



WE LOVE YOU STAN!

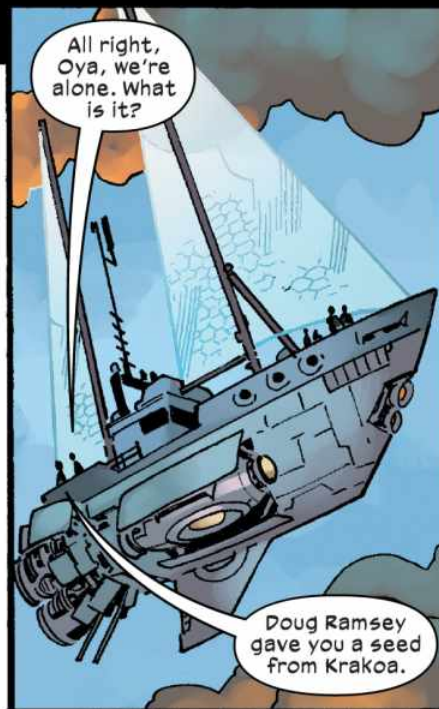


You're not even trying.

Or maybe you are. Which is worse.



Aboard Sabretooth's stolen vessel.



SABRETOOTH & THE EXILES

ONE-WAY TRIP

For breaking a foundational law of Krakoa, "murder no man," Sabretooth was condemned to exile in the Pit of Krakoa. He eventually escaped, leaving his fellow exiles to languish. But his freedom was short-lived, as Sabretooth was soon captured by the anti-mutant organization Orchis, who took him to their Station Six, where Dr. Barrington performed twisted medical experiments on her mutant prisoners.

Meanwhile, the rest of Krakoa's Exiles were secretly set free and tracked Sabretooth to Orchis' prison. To fend off the Exiles, Barrington deployed her monstrous Creation, a human enhanced with the spoils of her experiments, who captured Orphan-Maker and absconded to a new base while Barrington initiated self-destruct on Station Six. Sabretooth escaped and caught up with the remaining Exiles, offering a team-up even though they still harbor a grudge for their abandonment...



[SABRETOOTH]



[TOAD]



[ORPHAN-MAKER]



[NANNY]



[MELTER]



[THIRD EYE]



[MADISON JEFFRIES]



[OYA]



[NEKRA]



[DR. BARRINGTON]



[THE CREATION]



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[sabretooth.....[0.2]
[&_the_exiles...[0.2]

“Practice two things in your dealings
with disease: either help or do not
harm the patient.”

-- THOMAS INMAN

[sabretooth.....[0.2]
[&_the_exiles...[0.2]



[sabretooth_&_the_exiles_02]

Station Two,
Dr. Barrington's Lab.

As I've
already made
clear in my report,
the remote collars I
designed were not
effective against the
healing factor of the
mutant known as
Sabretooth.

Thus when I
removed his liver,
I took the precaution
of inserting this. I call
it the **Barrington
Coil**.

And has this
proved any more
useful against his
healing factor?

We are
still collecting
the data, GC,
but I believe
so.

Believe so?
Why wouldn't you
collect that data before
reporting to me? That
way, you could share
useful information.

Because I don't
report to you. I am
an employee of the
Orchis Corporation.
You are just some
General Contractor--
a middleman.

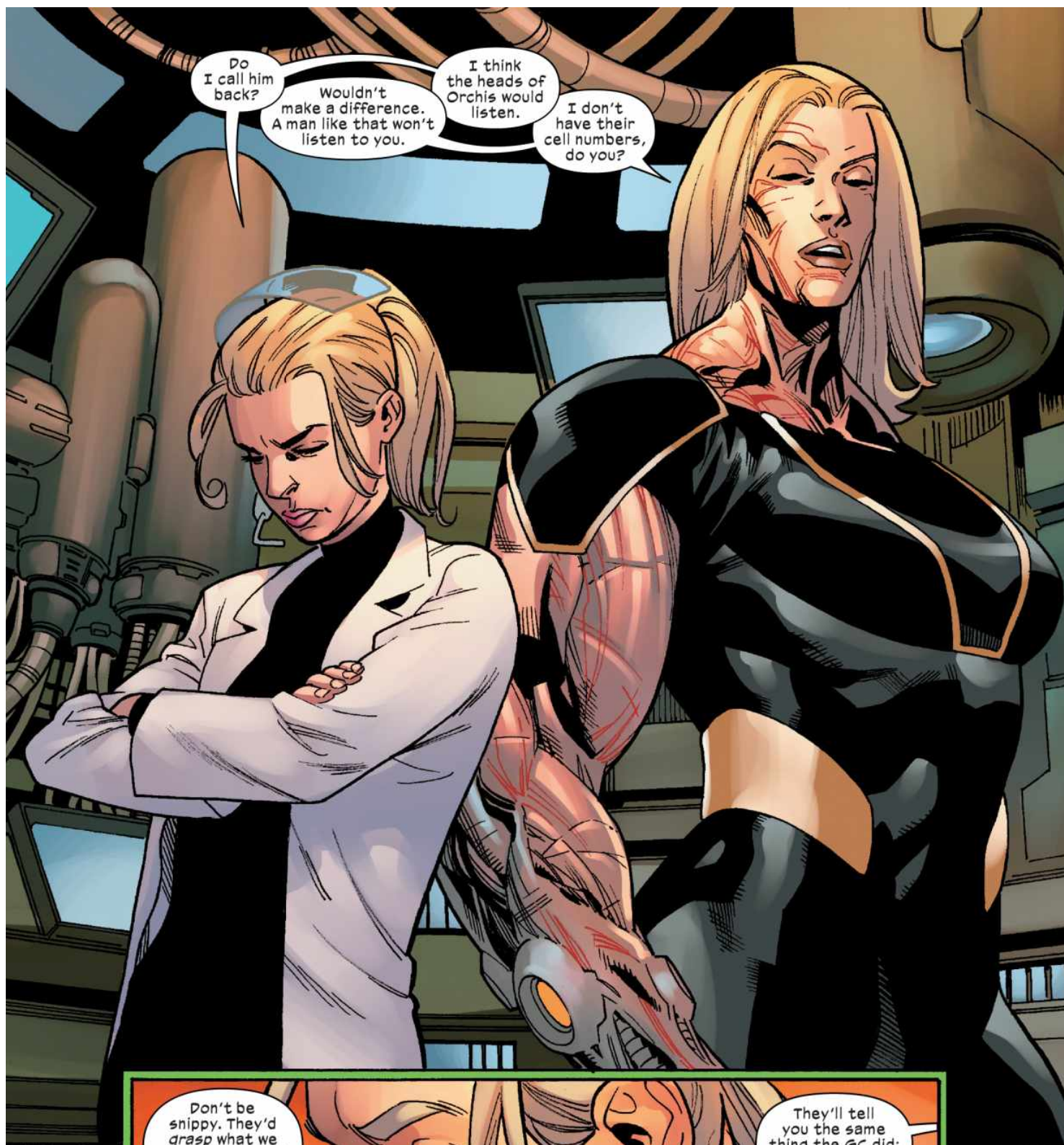
I'm the
one who hired
you, which means
you don't work for
Orchis. To them, you're
some freelancer, who
lost an entire
prison.

Do not
let the same
happen to
Station Two.

Report
back about
the coil.

But the
coil isn't
even why I
contacted
you!

CLICK





It's called the Ring of Fire.



It's the part of the Pacific Ocean known for its active volcanoes. That's where they built Station Two.



And that's where they took Peter?



"When I made contact with Dr. Barrington's mind, I saw this location, yes."

"Then let's go! We're all in danger until we get Peter back!"



Egg Lady sounds scared. She seems loopy, but my gut says to believe her. You want to fill us in on why you're this shook up?



"Mr. Sinister discovered my Peter and kept him as a promising experiment."

"He meant to use Peter as a kind of doomsday weapon. When all else fails, blow everything up. He assumed that he'd skirt away unharmed to plan and scheme again."

"But he was wrong."



"He didn't grasp the /eve/ of Peter's destructiveness. Extinction level."

"Once he grasped the scale, he decided it was easier to eliminate the boy."



"And Nanny does *not* take kindly to that."

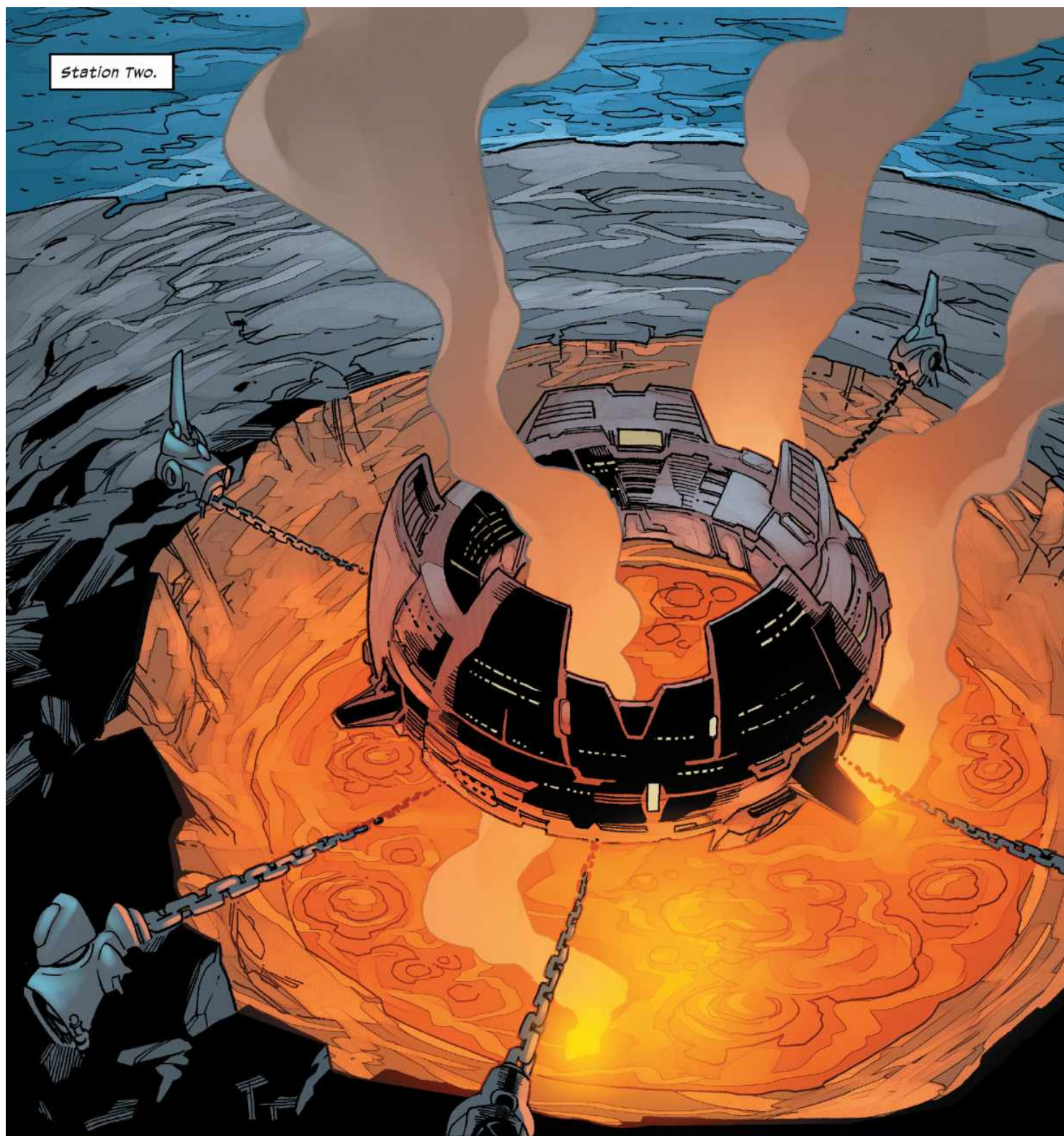


"Since I'm a better scientist than Sinister, I came up with a solution that would save the baby."



But if they get him out of that armor, we'll all find out what's so terrifying that it even scared that stinker Mr. Sinister.

Station Two.



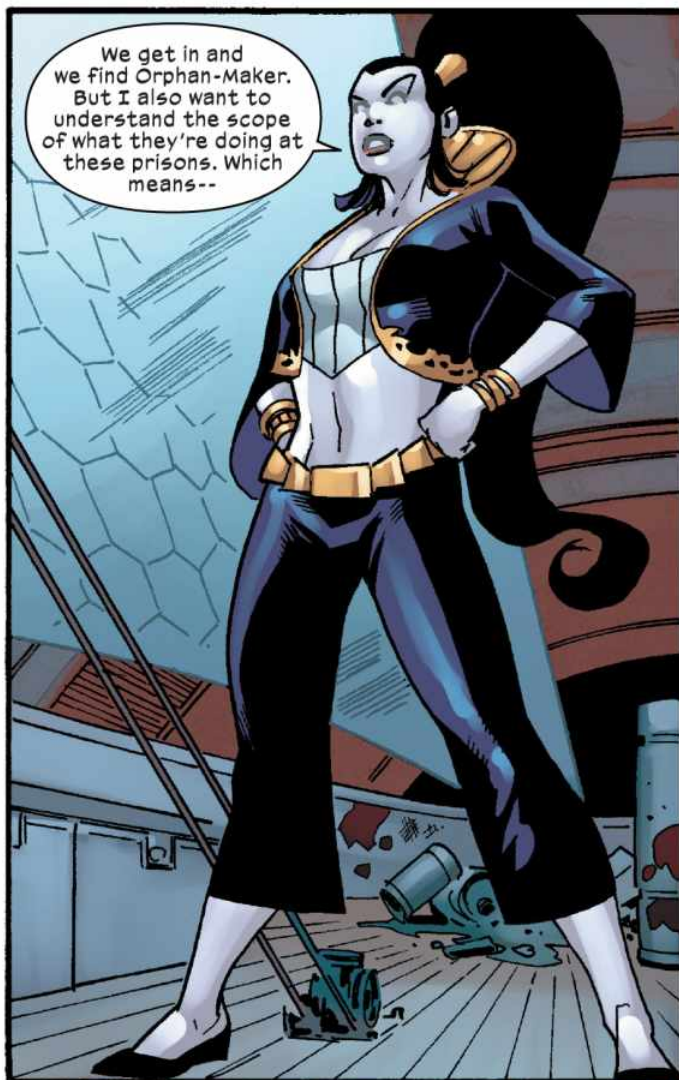
I'm
technokinetically
requesting that the
station ignore
us.



Thank you,
Madison.

It's agreed
to let us into
one of its less
used hangars.



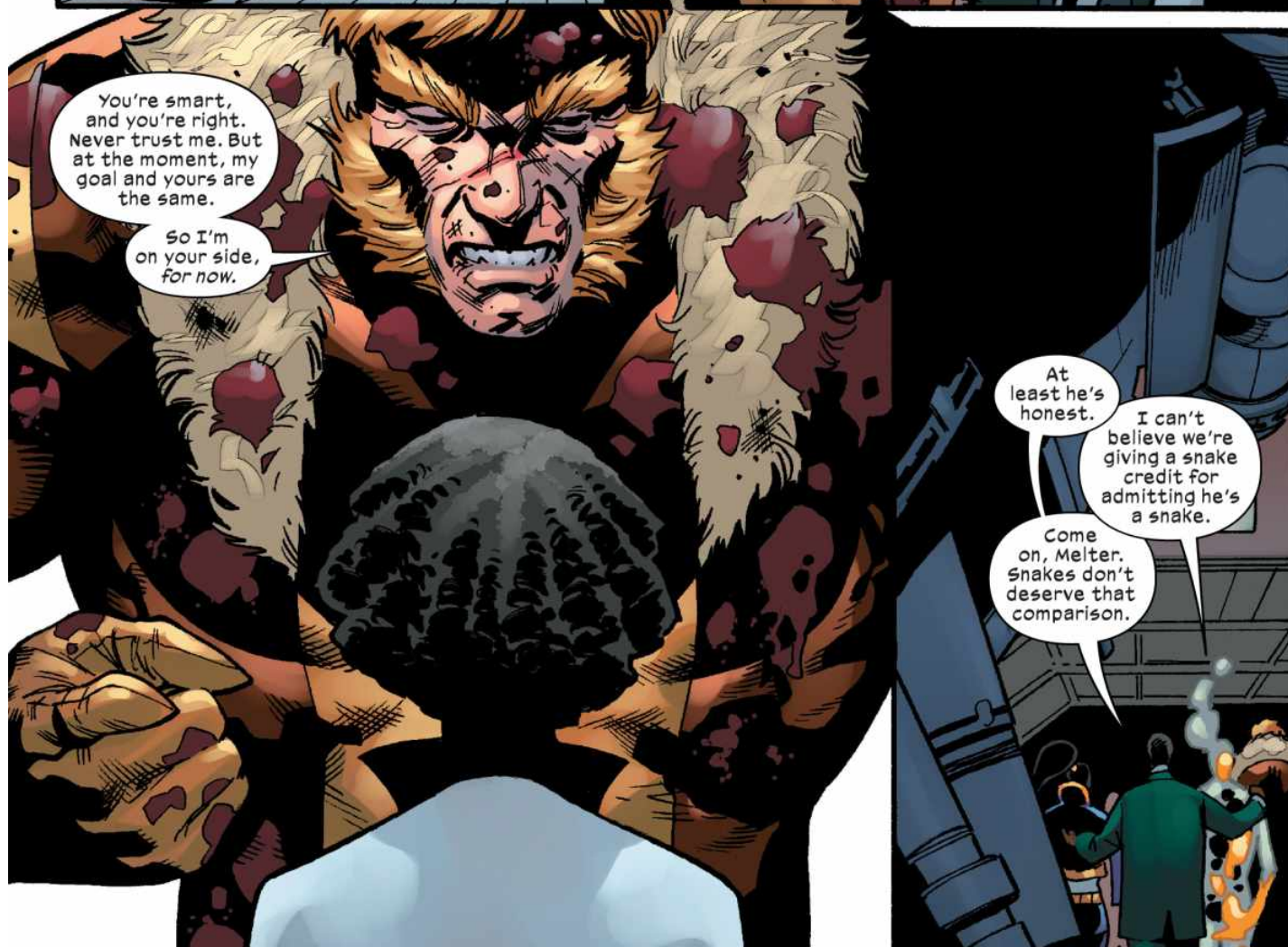


We get in and we find Orphan-Maker. But I also want to understand the scope of what they're doing at these prisons. Which means--



Which means you'll need to do some intelligence gathering. And none of you has more experience with that than me.

You're just going to betray us again, right? I mean, you'll leave us behind or sell us out.



You're smart, and you're right. Never trust me. But at the moment, my goal and yours are the same.

So I'm on your side, for now.

At least he's honest.

I can't believe we're giving a snake credit for admitting he's a snake.

Come on, Melter. Snakes don't deserve that comparison.



How is this armor so impossible to crack?



I couldn't tear it off, no matter how hard I pulled. My eye beams didn't penetrate it.



That's because Nanny designed my armor. There's only one way it can ever come off.



How long have you been awake?

This whole time.

Why didn't you just tell us it wouldn't come off?

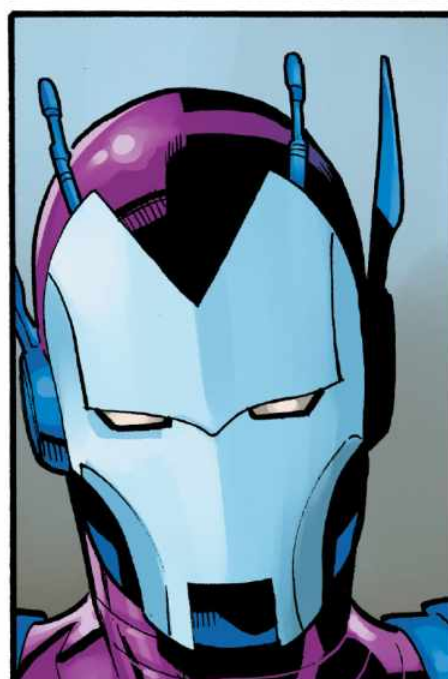
Nanny taught me not to speak to strangers.



You said there was only one way it could come off. What way is that?

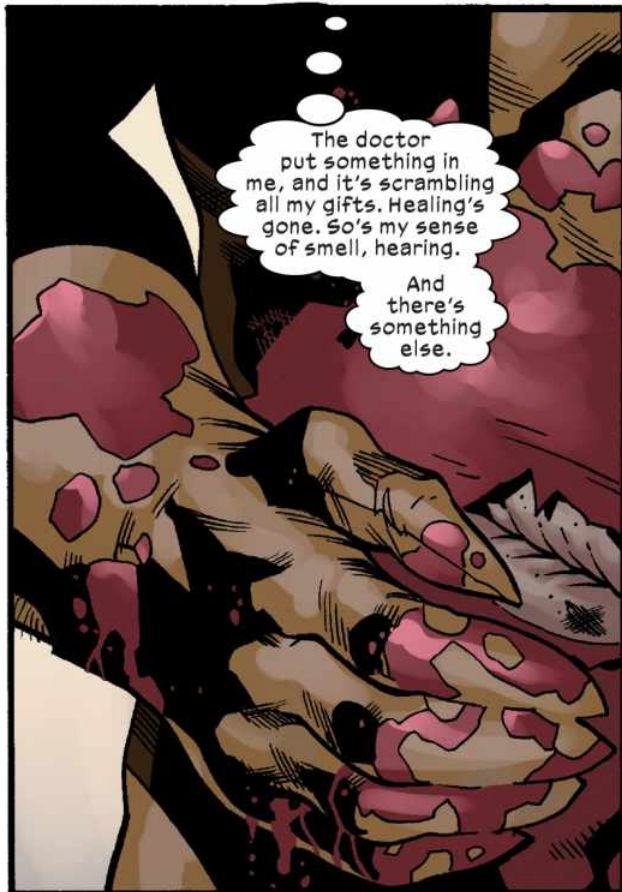
I can take it off, but only if I want to.







That tofu-colored broad tuned me up pretty good. Taking everything I got just to keep upright.



The doctor put something in me, and it's scrambling all my gifts. Healing's gone. So's my sense of smell, hearing. And there's something else.



Can't even keep the claws steady. But I can't let these bozos know.



This is it. Look alive.



I can't protect all of you if this fight gets hairy.



Oh, hell.





ORCHIS MEMO

FROM THE DESK OF DR. BARRINGTON

FAO: TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Two Harvard professors, Gregory G. Pincus and John C. Rock, are the fathers of the modern-day birth control pill. The pill was approved by the FDA on June 23, 1960. Safe for all.

But anything that delicate, it takes some trial and error. So Pincus and Rock had to test out the earlier versions of the pill. Had to try it out on humans.

Their first human trial happened in Massachusetts. 16 women being held at the Worcester State Hospital. 16 mental patients.

After Worcester, the doctors wanted to expand their sample size. They needed a larger population of women on which to run their tests. But the State Hospital only held so many. Hardly enough for a definitive trial. So the doctors moved to Puerto Rico.

The doctors selected the Rio Piedras neighborhood, in the capital city of San Juan. There, they found over 200 women who agreed to the trials. These women volunteered because they wanted greater control over their futures. But there were side effects, some of them quite severe; the hormone levels of the pills given to the women of Rio Piedras were substantially higher than those of the pills that came on the market for women in the United States by 1960.

Once the pill found success -- sold at great profit by the G.D. Searle pharmaceutical company -- and changed the lives of so many American women, there was no talk of the women of Worcester State Hospital or Rio Piedras. Success is a salve and a silencer.

The Barrington Coil is in a similar stage of trial. Thanks to my associations with Orchis, I have been able to acquire a sample group in whom I have housed the coil, which releases a chemical compound that suppresses activation of the mutant gene. Once proper levels have been achieved, one can imagine widespread applications. Nations that wish to suppress outbreaks within their populations; parents who wish to suppress outbreaks within their families.

All distributed, and maintained, at a handsome profit by the Orchis Corporation.

There are no limits on a curious mind. There will be no limits on what I will do for you.

This letter is respectfully submitted to Orchis Command directly.



Out
of my way!
Out of my
way!

I've been
hoping we'd get
a rematch.





Peter!
Oh my
boy!

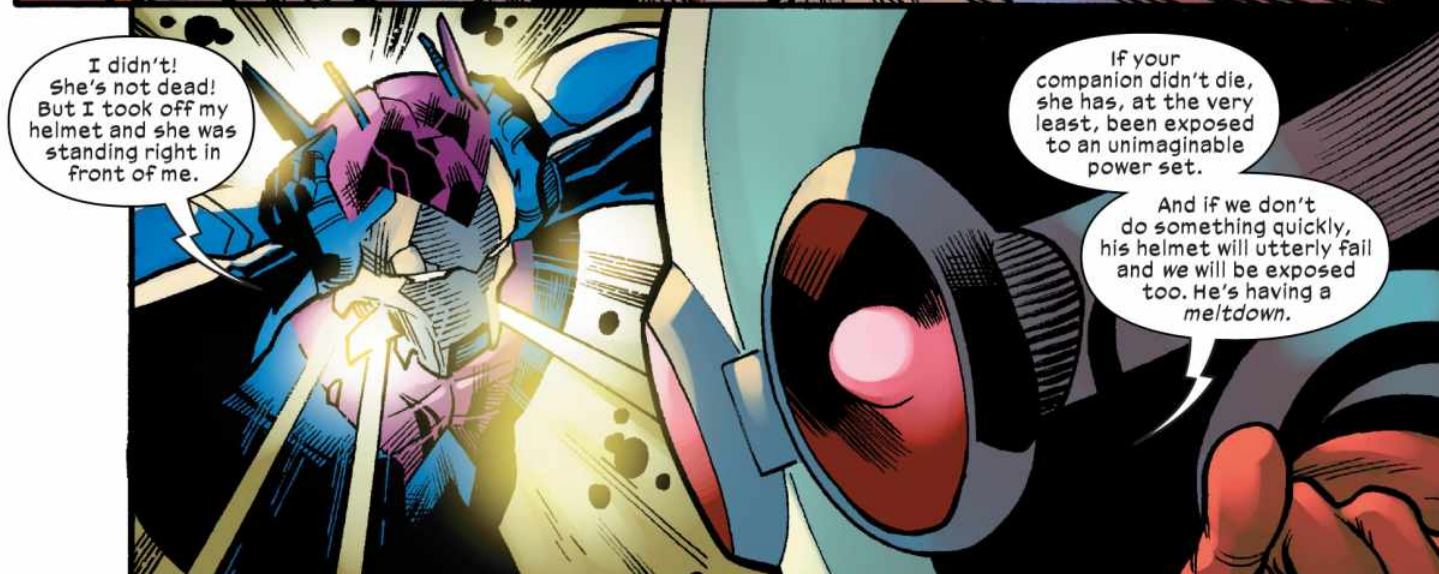


Oh, Nanny!
I'm sorry. I made
a mistake. I should
have listened
to you!

It's going
to be okay,
just tell me
what you
did.



He
killed
her!



I didn't!
She's not dead!
But I took off my
helmet and she was
standing right in
front of me.

If your
companion didn't die,
she has, at the very
least, been exposed
to an unimaginable
power set.

And if we don't
do something quickly,
his helmet will utterly fail
and we will be exposed
too. He's having a
meltdown.



I'm making an executive decision that we dump this kid into the volcano and the eight of us get the %\$** out of here.



I can't leave Peter behind!

You can burn too. I don't care.



We're not leaving *anyone*! None of us, and none of those mutants they've got locked in cages.

Fine, fine. We'll let this kid blow up and kill everyone. I'll survive, at least.

No...



...you won't. You can't heal like you used to. He blows and you die too.



Let's treat this like a nuclear reactor meltdown. We need to cut off this chain reaction. We have to introduce something that can interrupt the process, like a **reset button**.

Who's got ideas?



I can think of one kind of reset. A way to shift us, but I've never done it with this many people.

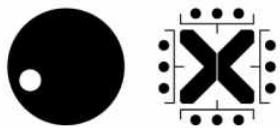
Shift us where?

A place where reality can be rewritten.



[sabretooth_0.02]
[_the_exiles_0.02]

03
NEXT



ISSUE:

Immortal X-Men #9

Marauders #9

X-Force #35

X-Men Red #9

Dark Web: X-Men #1

Deadpool #2

Legion of X #8

Wolverine #28

➤ Sabretooth & the Exiles #2

X-Men Annual #1

Dark Web: X-Men #2

New Mutants #33

X-Terminators #4

[kra_0.0]...
[koa_0.0]...

